

What's to Become of Peggy?

MODE CHOSEN BY A PRINCESS



BERNARD MODEL WORN BY THE PRINCESS OF GREECE.

By Bernard, 33 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Among the beautiful creations worn at a great "Reunion Mondiale" recently, one of the most attractive was that in which the princess royal of Greece appeared. Its chief charm was the simplicity of its style.

Developed in a buff-colored duvetyne, the skirt was cut on rather straight lines, which did not forbid a graceful arrangement of the drapery on the hips. Very chic was the small jacket, collared with puffed fur, forming a narrow panel in the center of the front. Fur, too, decorated the long sleeves, while touches of embroidery distinguished the coat. The back of this jacket was quite unusual in design and hinted of the new ideas for late winter wear. Down the center of the back a narrow panel of self-colored fabric bordered by self-colored buttons centered with small green embroidered motifs to match the allusion of extended motifs in the prevailing mode, but also in the vagaries of fashion, will find many clever ideas in the costumes worn.

Another interesting creation was made of green velvet and white lace. The dress was of a deep blue and curved to the waist, the upper half of the costume was quite evident.

A high collar of white linen was backed by a band of sable fur, which also topped the shoulders. The dress was designed with a yoke on the sides and back, emphasized by two rows of buttons. The skirt was of a light blue and was developed into a long panel, beneath which were caught the soft draping folds, ending in a line of distinction to the other side rather severe skirt.

Many of the smartest models show fur in every style in materials that contrast prettily with the fabrics from which the suits are developed. A clever model in black velvet had a modified diamond tunic of black chintilly lace bordered with white ermine fur; another in duvetyne was befrilled with a ray of ermine matching the bright tones of the costume.

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The newest neckwear is fur trimmed: the dainty opera bags sometimes now a line of fur.

In the realm of evening dress there are many adorable frocks that are exceedingly picturesque. Several show the influence of the empire mode, with the back of the dress open to the hips; others accentuate the reign of the frill and are resplendent with small pleated tunic. The blouse has a becoming touch of fine white lace trimmed with dark gray and more for more practical occasions. Sleeves, more than any other part of a dress, are apt to "date" the wearer, as can be proved from a cursory glance at any of the old photographs where beauty of feature and expression are often lost in the rather ridiculous appearance that is given by an old-fashioned balloon-shaped or even skin-tight tunic.

Our new frock has a shade of fullness introduced into the sleeve, where it is set into the armhole. The low shoulder line of the new frocks makes up for tightness of draping over the hips by spreading out at the border into a satiny shade of blue or some light shade in the same tone as the gown. A last year's skirt in dark green broadcloth has been converted into one of these practical tunics by having an overdress of dark green corduroy. The tunic bodice has been converted into one of these practical tunics by having an overdress of dark green corduroy. The tunic bodice has been converted into one of these practical tunics by having an overdress of dark green corduroy.

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When I was sixteen I was particularly pretty. I had a great deal of wavy brown hair. My eyes were large and gray. My teeth were perfect. All simple, animal attractions, you see. But none the less potent. I never doubted my own prettiness. It never occurred to me that my features were nondescript. Just as often or as much as he pleased. That was my idea of marriage; to be supported in great luxury by some man.

AMERICAN FASHIONS.

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At dancing schools these are very much in evidence, and though more elaborate little dresses of silk and even satin are seen, the lingerie appears to be most in favor.

A cunning dancing frock is sketched in the accompanying cut. A very fine, sheer quality of batiste is used, with fine Valenciennes insertion, with edging and trimming.

The yoke slightly arches in front and back and has brief, puffy little sleeves cut in one with it. The fullness is gathered into a deep belt.

At the back of the skirt is a small panel of self-colored fabric bordered by self-colored buttons centered with small green embroidered motifs to match the allusion of extended motifs in the prevailing mode, but also in the vagaries of fashion, will find many clever ideas in the costumes worn.

Another interesting creation was made of green velvet and white lace. The dress was of a deep blue and curved to the waist, the upper half of the costume was quite evident.

A high collar of white linen was backed by a band of sable fur, which also topped the shoulders. The dress was designed with a yoke on the sides and back, emphasized by two rows of buttons. The skirt was of a light blue and was developed into a long panel, beneath which were caught the soft draping folds, ending in a line of distinction to the other side rather severe skirt.

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In the realm of evening dress there are many adorable frocks that are exceedingly picturesque. Several show the influence of the empire mode, with the back of the dress open to the hips; others accentuate the reign of the frill and are resplendent with small pleated tunic. The blouse has a becoming touch of fine white lace trimmed with dark gray and more for more practical occasions. Sleeves, more than any other part of a dress, are apt to "date" the wearer, as can be proved from a cursory glance at any of the old photographs where beauty of feature and expression are often lost in the rather ridiculous appearance that is given by an old-fashioned balloon-shaped or even skin-tight tunic.

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THE EVENING STORY.

A STOLEN HOLIDAY.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. Warner.)

Within doors it was the usual weekday morning at the Clocks. The four grown-up and near-grown sons and their father sat at the table, while Matilda Clock, mother, wife and housekeeper, stood over a raging stove baking the cakes for which there was constant demand.

She was a little woman, small and blue, childish eyes, the eager, wondering eyes of a soul that has stayed young in spite of all the cramming, aching conditions of a hard life. Life had been very hard for Matilda, and baking cakes for five hungry men on a fall morning was not the least of her tasks. Apparently she had no thought save for her cake baking, while her hands were busy, those blue eyes went roving out through the open door to the street beyond.

None of that glorious air, fragrant and heady as old wine, got into her nostrils. She felt a strange desire for it. Matilda never ate until her man folk were full and away. Then she sat down to what they had left and sipped lukewarm coffee and swallowed without zest, a clammy cake or two in haste, that she might be up and about her business. Now, as she saw what they were going to eat, she felt with a kind of passionate intensity that astonished even herself. To slip off the yoke of her household responsibilities even for one day, to sit at a table and feel that her poor life held no price great enough to pay for such a glorious privilege.

Her husband, having finished, had hitched back from the table and was moving toward the door. He was holding a paper. Suddenly he chuckled softly. "Here's some fool woman," he said, "as got sick of her house and family and stole away to the city. She's a good one, 'em by being sent to jail. That beats anything I ever heard about. Boy, if you've got a will you'll get 'em. We'll be getting out. We'll start in digging the south pole of potatoes this morning."

He hung the newspaper on the line and rose. The boys followed after. Without a word to the woman at the stove they left the house. Matilda stood very still. A little color had come into her face. She never had seen a man so free and so happy. Her husband had found there aroused her curiosity. There must be other women like her, women who asked for freedom and found it. She took the paper off the line and read about the woman who, in desperation, had courted one kind of imprisonment, and then had rid herself definitely of another kind.

"I don't blame her," she said, slowly; "not if it was such a morning as this." She looked at the littered table and the breakfast awaiting her. "I feel all kinds of things," she said, "but I'll slip on my sunbonnet and step out a minute. Maybe I'll feel different."

She went out of doors. Once free from the shadow of the house the morning caught her in a rush of buoyancy and gladness. It was as if a thousand voices sang to her. She looked at the paper and a thousand glances sparkled upon her. Her gaze met the brook winding under the little gray bridge that led to the open pasture, and she followed it. She knew she was breaking every precedent—that she was a wild, unbridled thing—but the morning was to blame for it, the morning and that far-off woman who had mistook the captivity of matrimony for freedom and found it. She took the paper off the line and read about the woman who, in desperation, had courted one kind of imprisonment, and then had rid herself definitely of another kind.

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make her a guest. The youth in them answered the other youth in Matilda's blue eyes. They were so young, so vivid with life, so happy and innocent. Matilda had not seen such young eyes together since her own young day. She laid off her cares and experience to join in with them; she would have been as well to lay off her own body that she might give fuller expression to the young spirit dancing within her.

That dinner, primitive, and all taste of wood smoke and ash! Did ever food so satisfy and invigorate?

All that long golden afternoon she romped with the girls, who romped with her as if she were one among them. But she was a little woman, small and blue, childish eyes, the eager, wondering eyes of a soul that has stayed young in spite of all the cramming, aching conditions of a hard life. Life had been very hard for Matilda, and baking cakes for five hungry men on a fall morning was not the least of her tasks. Apparently she had no thought save for her cake baking, while her hands were busy, those blue eyes went roving out through the open door to the street beyond.

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She went out of doors. Once free from the shadow of the house the morning caught her in a rush of buoyancy and gladness. It was as if a thousand voices sang to her. She looked at the paper and a thousand glances sparkled upon her. Her gaze met the brook winding under the little gray bridge that led to the open pasture, and she followed it. She knew she was breaking every precedent—that she was a wild, unbridled thing—but the morning was to blame for it, the morning and that far-off woman who had mistook the captivity of matrimony for freedom and found it. She took the paper off the line and read about the woman who, in desperation, had courted one kind of imprisonment, and then had rid herself definitely of another kind.

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